

Good Intentions Rendered Ineffective (Closeness) by everybreatheverymove

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Summary:

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“Gets easier every time.”

El smiles, “Until he puts bars on my windows.” She leans back on her elbows, watching as her boyfriend crosses the room. “We need to be quiet.”

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Fifteen-year-old Mike Wheeler has mastered the art of sneaking into his girlfriend's bedroom in the middle of the night. He hides his bike around the back, she opens the window without moving a muscle; it's easy. But then hands start wandering, and books get knocked over, and Hopper's only slightly amused.

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Author's Note:

As much as I don't want to write anything Mature™□ for these kids, I feel like I'm gonna get damn close to it one day anyway, regardless of how badly I try to write around it. They're young, they're in love, they're... curious. So, like, yeah, they make out. And, yeah, they're a little handsy. This is probably as far as they're gonna go in anything I write for them, though.

In truth, the idea of nerdy, lanky Mike Wheeler being the kind of boyfriend who sneaks into his girlfriend's room was too great an opportunity to pass up so I had to write about it, and it just so happened to turn into something a touch over PG13. It's harmless fun, folks.

- Jo

“Hey.”

He practically falls into her room, would if it weren't for her energy keeping him from falling flat on his face. He places one foot flat against the carpet, his hands gripping the window frame as he swings his other leg over. With a huff, Mike brushes his hands down his sides, standing up straight.

“Gets easier every time.”

El smiles, stretching her legs out, “Until he puts bars on my windows.” She leans back on her elbows, watching as her boyfriend crosses the room.

Mike kicks off his Converse, leaving them at the bottom of her window so as to not ruin her carpet. He plops his backpack down by her wardrobe, right beside her dresser, and he pulls a little black

notebook from the big pocket. Leaving it unzipped, she places the book down on her desk before spinning back around to face her.

“Won’t he see the bike?” El uncrosses her legs, straightening them out along the floor, pressing up on her palms. Her fingers dig into the soft carpet, and she glances up when she feels Mike settle down beside her.

“I doubt it. I mean, I parked my bike around the back, so...” Mike tells her, hands rubbing together for warmth, “I told you, I’ve got the hang of this.” He smiles, but he doesn’t look at her. He’s too busy inspecting the small tear on the pocket of his cords, fingering the cut and pulling a face when he makes it bugger. “Crap.”

Eleven feels her lips curl into a little smile then, and she scoots closer to the boy, stopping when her knee brushes against his thigh. “Mike.”

“Huh?”

Instead of replying, she reaches forward to grab his free hand, pulling it into her lap until he stops messing at his ripped pocket. She runs her fingers along his knuckles, admiring the way his white skin turns pink beneath her touch.

“We need to be quiet.” She says, her head tilting downward while her eyes remain focused on his, hazel on mud.

“I know.” Mike nods, and his Adam’s apple bobs when he swallows, sharp, “I’d rather not go home with a bullet wound.”

“He won’t shoot you.” El informs him, “He’ll just scare you a little.”

“Yeah, but, still.” The boy shrugs, clearly unsure, but his face goes from uncertainty to surprise in a second when she brings his hand up to her face and kisses the back of his hand, “What are you doing?”

There’s the slightest hint of amusement to his tone, and El grins, girly and wicked, “Nothing.” She does it again, quicker this time, but Mike pulls his hand back before she can do it a third time. She follows him with a giggle, moving onto her knees until she’s knelt directly in front of him. The carpet leaves little lines on her red skin, and she pushes her hands against his shoulders to stare him down.

“Kiss me.”

Mike gulps, and his brows dance, “Are you sure?”

“Please.”

He moves a hand to her face then, cradling her left cheek in his right hand, pushing fingertips through the curly hair just past her ears, brown and glossy. “Like this?”

She hums when he kisses her, all lips and gentle pressure. It’s brief, soft, but much too quick for comfort. She doesn’t have time to settle into it before he’s pulled away. “No.”

“No?” She can’t tell if he’s confused or if he’s just teasing her, but the smirk gracing his lips confirms it, “Not like that?” His thumb smooths along her cheekbone until he reaches the corner of her nose. He taps a finger against the tip of her button nose, gentle and adoring. “Show me how.”

She’s never really been the initiator in their relationship, usually just fine with asking him to kiss her and enjoying it when he does. (Steve once told her that Mike just supplies whatever she demands.) She’s never really had to kiss him, usually just gets kissed.

“How?”

“I don’t know,” Mike starts, and he kind of laughs, “You just told me you wanted- Well, I mean, I don’t know what you want, but... Uh, I don’t know.” He admits, and he’s so tempted to duck his head in embarrassment.

(Isn’t he supposed to be able to kiss his girlfriend how she pleases?)

Instead, he holds her gaze and breathes, “Kiss me.”

Inching forward on her knees, El digs her fingernails into his shoulders, the soft material of his hoodie scrunching up between her fists. She looks down at his hand, concentrating long enough until his fingers are back where they were, threading through her loose curls. And then she leans over and kisses him, a little harder than he’d done moments ago.

Her lips are plump against his, the cherry chapstick she'd applied a half hour ago spreading across Mike's mouth as he deepens the kiss, his free hand shifting from his thigh to her waist. She makes a little noise against him then, and his own breath seems to catch in his throat when her little hum turns into the quietest of moans.

It's almost a cry, and Mike pulls away from her mouth to watch as her eyes drift open, slow and dazed. His hand on her waist stiffens, and El looks up at him with flushed cheeks.

"El?"

"Do it again."

She pulls on the hood of his sweater, hands clasping behind his neck as he leans closer, nearing her face once again, "Just like that?" Mud brown eyes are on her lips and El can only nod, twice, let the smallest of grins spread over her face.

She wants him to do that again, wants him to do that and something.

Not wasting any more time, Mike cradles the side of her face, tilting her head back to claim her mouth again. It's a little harder than before, and his lips part after a moment or so, and El whines when she feels his tongue (just the slightest bit) brush against her own.

Moving to pull away, he finds himself unable to; El keeping a strong hold on his neck, refusing to drop the kiss. Mike mumbles something incoherent, good intention rendered ineffective by the pressure of her moving lips against his own.

El copies his earlier move, and Mike finally gives up, gives in, when her tongue traces his lower lip, seeking something he doesn't even wanna begin to imagine.

"Like that." She tells him after she's pulled away, her pupils blown and her lips pink and dry. Mike's pretty sure his own are coated in whatever flavour chapstick she was wearing. (Not that he minds.)

"Sure. Yeah." He agrees, gaze unfocused, "Again?" (Is she... real?)

She moves to sit down on her legs then, knees folded beneath her,

pressing up on her calves. Her grasp on Mike's hoodie tightens, and she slips one hand down the back, past his t-shirt, as she leans over to kiss him again.

She can feel his long fingers digging into her sides, creasing the cotton of her long-sleeved sweater as he draws her closer. He's clearly holding back, unwilling to pull her too close, too into him, so Eleven does it for him.

Shimmying closer just a little bit, she toys with the hair at the base of his neck, scratching and pulling and tracing his skin. He groans, something of an unclear sentence, and El giggles against his lips.

She keeps one hand gripped to his sweater, the other running down his chest to smooth along the green and white stripes of his t-shirt.

It's good, perfect almost, but she still needs something, wants something she isn't quite sure how to ask for.

Someone's breath hitches when she starts to push his hoodie from his shoulders, the zipper sliding the rest of the way down swiftly without much thought on her behalf, and she isn't sure who pulls away, who pulls who in next.

She tugs at the tops of his sleeves then, shoving the thick material down his arms until it slips from his body entirely.

"El." He mumbles her name against her mouth, and she's certain that it's her breath that catches this time. "What-"

Refusing to answer him, she simply pushes his hoodie aside with a flick of her eyes, setting her gaze on his t-shirt.

"No."

"No?"

"No." Mike tells her, honest and earnest. "Not now."

"I know." She points out, forcing herself to withhold from- "Not now."

“Right.” Mike’s eyes fall from her own to her lips, all bruised and bare and- Shit. “But...” He reaches for her face, both hands cupping her cheeks tenderly, unable to stop himself from kissing her again.

She smiles against him, runs warm hand up his chest until her hands link around his neck again. This time, she grabs the back of his neck in one hand, bringing him down into her front a little bit more.

Without much of a second thought, she brings down one of the cushions from off of her bed, lying it flat behind her on the floor.

Her arms tighten around Mike’s body and, maybe a little too easily for her liking, she manages to drag him down to her level.

Slowly moving backwards to lie flat on the soft bedroom carpet, El readjusts the pillow beneath her head, eyes open to focus on the cushion. She shifts on her back, her elbows scraping along the thick rug as Mike follows her lead.

The hands on her waist fall to the tops of her thighs when she brings her legs up at his sides, his cords rough against her jeans. She doesn’t pull away, doesn’t stop him when one finger pulls at an empty belt hoop, pulling her closer, thrusting her hips up.

It’s what she needs, she thinks. (Closeness.)

His fingertips linger along her waistline, dancing dangerously closer to her navel with every breath. He kisses her deeper when she gasps, hiccups some semblance of a content sigh, and Mike pushes up the hem of her top when she gives him the clear, starts it herself.

“El.” He swallows, and she can feel it, and her lashes flutter when he rests his forehead against hers, mouth salty sweet and crimson. Mike smiles, pushes a strand of stray curls from her face with one hand as he pushes himself up with his other, her legs freely pressing at his sides, encasing him in against her.

Her gaze lowers to his stomach, staring at the pale patch of skin between his t-shirt and his trousers. (She’s not stupid.) “Sorry.”

“It’s fine.” He chuckles, and his face flushes, and El loves him. She grabs his face in her hands then, tilting his head up to press the

softest of kiss against his throat, devilishly grinning when goosebumps coat his lukewarm skin.

“Jesus.”

She does it again, kisses the same spot on his neck, before moving lower. It isn't long before Mike stops her, forcing his head down and instead returning the favour. He starts at the base of her throat, angling her neck back so she rests comfortably against the lacy pink cushion she brought down.

“Mike.” His name escapes past her lips before she means it to, and it's louder than she'd have liked it to be. He smiles against her neck, and she giggles when his teeth (barely) touch her collarbone, his fingers pulling down the top of her sweater to access tanned skin.

Her giggling turns to a belly laugh when he blows a raspberry behind her ear, childish and calming. Her arms move to wind around his neck, urging him to continue, and her legs kick out at her sides when his innocent raspberry turns to a small nibble, suck.

Her right foot accidentally gets caught in the base of the stool by her dresser when she writhes around though, and the furniture falls to the floor with a loud ‘clank’ before she can catch it, stop it. The stack of books she'd piled up on top of it earlier come crashing down too, and she shrieks as Mike moves to cover her, moving them away from the falling items.

“Oops.” El bites her lip, pressing her hands against Mike's chest to push him away. He kneels on the carpet, keeping one hand on her side to help her up.

“Do you think-“

There's loud movement downstairs, and the two teens pause, “El!”

“Hop.”

Mike's eyes widen, and he swallows a breath, all scrawny neck and broad shoulders, “Ah, crap.” Standing up, he swiftly gathers the books in his arms as El sets the stool back into place.

When the books are piled up, he quickly pulls on his hoodie, slipping his arms into the sleeves as the hood covers only half of his messy head of hair. El corrects the hood, tugging the top down until it hangs properly, and her hands rest on his shoulders as she zips up his backpack from across the room.

(They didn't even get to the story.)

The bag flies over to them, and Mike manages to catch it just in time, almost as though they'd rehearsed it or he'd known it was coming. He slides his hand through one of the straps, dangling it from one arm as he fiddles with the zipper of his sweater.

"Window?"

El has her sweater halfway up her body still, and Mike pulls at the bottom until it hangs in place. She brushes her hair behind her ears before heading over to the window, the cushions on her bed reshuffling as she walks.

"Go."

The window frame slides up to a stop, and Mike doesn't waste a moment before throwing his belongings out to save time.

His sneakers are the first things to go, El tying the laces together within seconds as they fly out, the thick rubber soles landing just at the edge of the roof. Mike quickly tosses his backpack out of the window, watching as it slides down the tiles, slipping until it falls into the open air, one of the straps catching on a sturdy branch from the tree outside.

"Thanks." He smiles over at his girlfriend, takes two steps forward to wipe away the light trail of blood pooling around her left nostril.

Mike tugs at his right sleeve, folding over the stained dark green material before cupping her face between both hands, planting a quick kiss on her lips.

El nods as he pulls away barely a second later, resisting the urge to grab at the strings of his hoodie. She pushes the window open just a tad more, placing a hand on Mike's back as he slips one leg through

the crack, back arching so his tall frame will fit.

His elbow slams into the white frame then, and El can't help her eyes from widening when he lets out a "Shit!", and she swats his arm with the back of her hand.

"Hurry up." She doesn't wanna push him, or shove him out of the window completely, but she's also not in the mood to have Hopper find the boy half-hanging out of her bedroom window.

Mike groans, mumbling something under his breath as he passes his other leg through the opening, landing flat on his bottom against the uneven tiles. "Jesus."

"Mike."

He looks up then, watching as El starts to pull at the top frame, dragging it down already. "See you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow." He repeats, content despite his predicament, and makes to stand up, pushing up on his elbows. "How the fuc—"

"Kid!"

Hopper's voice calls put from down the corridor, and before El can even consider helping her boyfriend with his dilemma, she's pulling down the window with her mind, drawing the curtains closed with her hands.

"What are you doing?" Hopper's stood in the doorway now, one hand curled around the door handle she hadn't even heard click open. He looks somewhere between confused and suspicious. (He's probably just faking the confusion, she knows.)

"I just- I opened it for some air." The girl shrugs, "Was hot." El flutters her lashes, hopes a little charm will work.

Her dad just walks into the room, hands on his hips, fingers looping through the hoops of his belt, and she doesn't know if he bought it or not.

"There was a lot of noise up here." He says, scanning her room as

though he's going to find something.

"I was singing."

He picks up a sweater from over the back of her chair, inspects it as though it might not be hers. (It's pink and fluffy and so very clearly hers). Dropping it back down, he eyes her desk, clearing his throat as he rummages through some papers. "A lot of banging."

"And dancing." She continues, gives him perhaps the most sheepish grin he's ever seen in his life. "I was practicing. For cheer squad."

"Yeah?" His brows lift, and he's totally not buying this. "You gonna try out this year?" She's screwed, and they both know it.

Eleven can only offer a little nod, hoping he'll give up.

"So," Hopper starts now, and he's holding a black book in one hand, reading the inscription on the first page, "you didn't have anyone up here?"

He flips the book around, his fingers spreading the first two pages apart so she can read what's written.

'Property of the paladin.'

What was it Dustin would say? Abort, abort, abort.

"Nope."

"This isn't Mike's?"

"I borrowed it."

"When?"

"Yesterday?"

"You didn't see him yesterday."

"Then... the day before." El reasons, eyes wide and clear and just a little bit too sure. "Or he left it here."

“He left it here?”

Abort.

“Yes.”

“Did he leave it here five minutes ago when he climbed out that window?” He’s proud of himself, she can tell. There’s a smirk on his face, and he’s definitely not letting her have Eggos for dessert tonight. “Why don’t we play a game?”

El scowls, pulling a face despite herself. “What?” She folds her arms over her chest, pulling on her sleeves just as Mike had done a couple minutes prior.

Hopper wags a finger, pointing towards the window behind her. “I spy... something beginning with W.”

Instead of approaching the window, he just nods his head towards the glass panel, waits until El does the same.

“Oh.”

Abort.

“Wheeler!”

Mike and his goddamn head of messy, black hair are right there, just visible where her two curtains fail to meet. He’s off to the side, to his credit, clearly crouching in an awkward position. Well, at least he tried to hide.

“Yeah.”

Hopper shakes his head, and he throws the journal back down, this time on El’s bed.

Curious and just a little overconfident, El tries, “Can I let him in now?” She chews at her bottom lip, small grin turning to a frown when Hopper laughs in her face.

He’s not mad, so that’s something.

“No.” The man heads back over to the door, hand gripping the woodwork. “You can help him down and then he can go home because it’s a school night.” He tells her, “And because I’m not a fan of him sneaking over here every damn week.”

“What if-“

“No.” He rolls his eyes, “Tell Mike to just ring the doorbell next time.”

Hopper’s eyebrows raise, and he gives her a pointed, knowing look before leaving her room. She can hear him chuckling as he makes his way down the hallway, voice echoing as he descends the staircase.

There’s a knock on her window then, and El turns around to see the side of Mike’s head leaning against the frame, black curls swaying in the nighttime breeze. He smiles, softly, the corners of his mouth stretching out as he waves a hand around, gesturing down to the ground below.

El draws the window up before rushing over to him, hands curling around the outside ledge as she leans closer, the cool air hitting her face.

He’s pulled his Converse back on, and his backpack is still hanging from its usual branch.

Mike grins, all boyish and innocent, and she loves it, “Wanna help me get down?”